

by Shade04

Summary: The UNSC marines are hopelessly out man'd and must evacuate their base, but when Kyle Young's convoy get's hit by a Covenant glassing beam next to an ancient burial ground... HaloSonicXover. M descriptive violence and language. Based around SatAM setting.

Halo: The Time Rift

A/N: Well, my third fic is coming up, and yes, it's another crossover. I'd just like to state that the first chapter is more of a prologue than anything, but just know that the story shifts from a third person voice to a first person voice at certain times. I will put the first person bits in italics, like so. I do not own Halo, Microsoft, Bungie, or Sonic Team creations of any sort unless you count merchandise, but who cares. Now then, I sincerely hope you enjoy Halo: The Time Rift. Please Read and Review.

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**Chapter 1: Knock, knock.**
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They couldn't hold up much longer. It had been a well-fought battle, but the UNSC marines just didn't have the numbers to repel the overwhelming brute attacks. The cave in which the marine Head Quarters was set up now shook violently against the alien war machines as they passed overhead and besieged the underground layer. The artificial light flickered and the personal held their breath as the enormous cavern was plunged into total darkness for a few seconds.

A quick summary

The Brutes were an alien species, not unlike giant bears that had evolved to stand on two legs and wield weaponry with their enormous arms. They now worked to destroy all of human kind. The war had started almost 28 years ago around 2525. It had not always been just against the brutes, however. The Covenant, as the faction was called, was comprised of several different alien factions and races including but not limited to the short dog-like, methane breathing species known as Grunts, the fin headed, prehistoric looking Jackals, the 12 foot tall, blue armor clad symbiotic worm creatures known as Hunters, and the tall, proud, even elegant, core of the Covenant army, the Elites.

Recently it was between the Brutes and the Elites that a calamity occurred involving the attempted murder of one of the highest ranking Elites in their order for a convergence of several corrupt political and religious reasons. This Elite, known as the Arbiter, then led the Elites against the Brutes and the Covenant civil war broke out (see Halo 2). Since then, the Elites and Humans have formed a well-balanced alliance to fight against the Brutes and their corrupted prophets.

End

"Sir!" The marine was clad in battle ready armor. He gave a quick salute to the commanding officer as he began to relay a report. "The brutes have made it past external defenses and are closing in on the Covert ops center."

The Commanding Officer had his back to the marine, his eyes scanning the digital readout of a monitor displaying the states of the base and current troop locations on the readout mini-map.

"Have they found the back entrance yet?" The commander demanded of the marine, his eyes still glued to the display.

"No sir."

"Good." The commander gave a relieved sigh. He leaned down and clicked the button of a microphone on. "Open up the back door. Let him in."

"Yes sir." Came the crackly response from the other end of the radio.

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Spartan 117 stood outside the heavy reinforced doors of the marine base's back entrance. He kicked a pebble off the walkway as he attempted to wait patiently for the door to open.

"Master Chief," the Commander's voice came in clearly through the Spartan helmet's speakers, "We're opening the door now. It's a mess in here. My man will debrief you on the situation."

The heavily camouflaged metal door slid upward after a long creaking

sound and a dimly lit corridor appeared before the Master Chief. Wounded marines were sprawled on the floor, medics trying desperately to help the wounded. A Captain approached the master chief and gave a salute.

A group of marines huddled around some supply crates looked up and gaped in awe. Mutterings of hope and shouts of encouragement and greeting were heard. The chief was used to it by now. It was a strange thing being an icon. A hero. His coming meant victory, but he felt more like a tool than a human being at times.

"Master Chief, sir. It's good to have you on board!" The Captain said, shaking the Spartan's hand. "The Brutes have us up against a wall here. We're trying to get the men out, but we need to buy ourselves some time to do so. Think you can help us out?"

The Chief nodded. "Sir. I can do that sir."

"Excellent! You don't know how much we appreciate it Master Chief. Be careful out there! Let me get you a guide. Kyle!" The Captain shouted. "Get over here!"

A young man leaning up against the wall looked up. He had a large sniper rifle strapped to his back and a small magnum strapped in a holster on his leg. The weapons looked out of place in these close quarters he was obviously awaiting evacuation or was some kind of specialist. He quickly stood up straight and made his way over to the Master Chief and his Captain.

"Master Chief, this is Kyle. Kyle Young. Special Operations." The captain explained.

Kyle extended a hand in greeting. "I know there isn't much time for pleasantries Master Chief, but I want to know it's an absolute honor finally getting to meet you, sir." Kyle's words shook as he tried to speak. "You've been an idol to all of us here. An absolute honorâ€¦" He repeated.

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Just a quick note here, my OC's Kyle Young and Matthew Rardin have no relation to myself. This is no self-insertion of any sort, although the inspiration for the names came from combining together names of people I know.

Next Chapter: Chapter 2: Kyle Young/ The Great Escape. See how the marines get out of the death trap and just how much ass kicking the Master Chief can do in a few hours! Also, enter the plot device!

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****Chapter 2: Kyle Young/ The Great Escape****

It all started on the day I thought was going to be my last. The first time I ever met the Chief. My idol. I admit the circumstances could have been better, but at the time, I was just glad to know we were going to live another day, and I was the one who was going to show the chief to the front lines! I was on cloud nine! Of course, I was going to be dead if I wasn't careful. The brutes had forced us back pretty far before the chief showed up, but when he did, I knew it was all downhill from there. We were all going to be all right. Well, I couldn't have known what was going to happen. No one could have. It's just all so weird, even when I'm thinking about it now. This is my story. A marine's storyâ€¦

"Hey, look! A Spartan!"

"Whoa! You showed up just in time!"

The Commanding Officer looked up from his display board in time to see the Chief walk in. "Master Chief! It's a good thing you showed up. We're really cooking in here. A few more minutes and we would have been toast. My men have briefed you on the situation, I hope?" He inquired.

"Good. We haven't a second to spare. Ah, Kyle. Good. You show the Chief to the front lines."

The commander returned the salute. "Get movin'. We haven't got a lot of time."

Kyle turned on his heel and led the Chief to the large metal

reinforced door.

"Huh, the Commander usually runs a pretty tight ship. He was probably only polite as he was because it was you he was addressing." Kyle explained the Chief. The Sniper almost laughed at his own statement, but somehow heading into an entire brute armada seemed to kill laughter.

The door looked more than secure with its mounted turrets, and a squad of fellow marines, all crouched behind makeshift cover and sandbags.

"Hey Matt." Kyle said to the marine in charge. Matt had always been a good friend of his having joined up with the marine core at the same time. He had a bit of a swearing problem, but that tended to be a pretty common thing around the military troops.

"Christ Kyle, how can you sound so calm?" Matt asked with his eyes still glued to the door with his back to Kyle.

"Turn around." Kyle urged him.

"What isâ€|?" Matt began before he saw the Master Chief.

"Jesus Christ! Is â€" is thatâ€|?" Matt asked, attempting not to stumble over his words.

Kyle could only nod. "Yes. Spartan 117. And he's here to save the day!" He shouted the last bit at the top of his lungs. Kyle hoped the Brutes could hear him.

The rest of the guarding marines had turned around to see the Super Soldier standing in their midst. Moral was visibly raised as smiles appeared on the marine's faces, and word of greeting and encouragement broke out yet again. The Master Chief nodded in acknowledgement. "All rightâ€|" He said, reaching for the assault rifle on his back. "Bring 'em on." He finished, clicking the safety off of the rifle.

"The hallway out here is sort of a no-man's-land." Matt explained. "No one in there. But as soon as you open the next door you come across the brute barricade. The bastards have about three times as many troops as we do."

"Alright. I'll handle this." The Master Chief stated. "Follow me in and give me covering fire while I take the center. If they manage to get close to you, fall back and lock the doors. The object of this mission is to let you guys escape. Don't forget it."

"Yes, sir!" The marines chorused as they took out fresh clips and shells, slamming them home in the various weapons.

Matt made for the door switch and punched it on. There was a hiss of compressed air as the door slid open revealing the deserted hallway. It was only about 50 feet long, slanted downward on a ramp. The walls looked sturdy enough with the steel support columns and the cement walls, but despite this, the rumbling of the war machines overhead the underground bunker were very audible.

Upon reaching the end of the hallway, the Master Chief gave one last

instruction, "As soon as this door goes, open fire. Don't even bother to look at what you're shooting at. We'll take them by as much surprise as we can managed."

The marines nodded their agreement, bringing weapons to shoulders and preparing themselves for the firefight. Matt punched the switch that would open the door and instantly the marines and the master chief punched through firing wildly. Lead and smoke filled the air, and a burning odor from the gun mussels reached the fighter's noses.

The voice of a brute commander was heard shouting, "The Demon! He's here!" But the Chief had already charged up the middle opening fire with precise aim at the key spots on the brute's armor.

Plasma fire finally filled the air when the chief was already halfway through the brute ranks causing his advanced armor to flare up as it did when he was hit.

"Kyle! There!" Matt shouted, pointing to a berserk brute that was charging toward the Chief's back. In a split second, Kyle had grabbed the sniper rifle from his back, slammed a mag into the gun, switched off the safety, and brought the radical to align with the brute's head. A loud cracking sound, audible over the other gunfire, went off as the massive, four and a half foot sniper rifle passed a bullet straight through the crazy brute's skull.

"Nice shot!" Matt managed to shout over the rattling of bullets.

It was working. Kyle couldn't believe how powerful the Chief truly was. He was a juggernaut of metal and bullets, tearing through the brute numbers like they were rice paper. The marines continued to fire at the brutes through long-range weaponry as the Chief pushed the alien creatures farther and farther back.

"Why the hell don't we just go and win the battle?!" Matt asked, a smile now playing across his face. Kyle couldn't help but be amused with the picture of the Master Chief destroying an entire Covenant fleet single handedly.

There were only a few brutes left in the corridor by that time. The last few "elite" brute guards, and what appeared to be a chieftain wielding the dreaded "grav hammer" as it had come to be known. "Not coolâ€¦" Kyle muttered to himself as he caught sight of the gravity hammer through his rifle's scope. The Chief's voice came through the speakers built into the marine's brown, standard issue helmets, "Listen here marines. Concentrate your fire on the three guards. Just leave the hammer man to me."

"You got it!" Kyle responded into the mouthpiece. "You heard the man guys! Spread out your fire on those three! Short controlled bursts now!"

A hail of lead was being fired up at the last remaining brutes now, which were at last ignoring the Master Chief and beginning to return fire on the marines. Kyle saw a marine take a burst of plasma in the shin causing him to fall to the ground cursing. Kyle steadied his aim and took off the brute's bullet resistant helmet with a well-aimed shot, killing him with the second. The hit marine had gotten back up by that point, "You'll have to hit more than armor if want to kill me you bastards!" The leatherneck shouted up at the dead brute.

The Chief had made it to the brute leader, assault rifle blaring. The brute Chieftain lowered his head and charged at the Master Chief as he shouted an earsplitting battle cry against the "demon" Spartan. The Master Chief's bullets seemed to ping harmlessly off of the Chieftain's armor as they charged toward each other. The Spartan tossed the assault rifle aside pulling the tactical shotgun strapped to back off and cocking it. The two heroes were only feet from each other now. The brute smashed his hammer down at the Master Chief's head; the Master Chief fired the shotgun into the brute Chieftain's faceâ€¦|

The two most unexpected things happened at that moment. The Master Chief jumped at the last minute, sending the gravity hammer harmlessly underneath him as he fired, and the brute Chieftain activated a mechanism on his armor that sent the shotgun rounds careening harmlessly away.

"Shit!" Matt cursed as he viewed the situation from afar.

"What the? What is that thing?" Kyle asked, referring to the blue tinted glow of the brute's armor.

"It's some kind of overcharge." Matt explained, "Except a hell of a lot more powerful! I don't think there's anything we can hit him with right now that would take any effect!"

"Where's the Chief?" Kyle asked as he noticed the green-armor clad Spartan was not in sight.

The Master Chief hadn't just jumped over the brute commander; with added super soldier strength he had actually managed to vault up onto the overhead catwalk, which he was now hanging from. The brute Chieftain looked around stupidly, smashing a nearby container in frustration. He looked toward the marines still firing pot shots at him. Roaring with frustration, the brute Chieftain charged the helpless marines, their lead rounds only ricocheting back at them as they fired.

"Keep firing! That god damn shield can't last long!" Matthew shouted to the men as brute rushed them, gravity hammer at the ready. One blow with the advanced melee weapon could take out half of their little group at once.

The Chief, as quickly as the brute was moving, made his way across the catwalk monkey style, hanging from his arms.

"The shield is down!" Matt shouted as the blue glow around the brute shattered

"Too late!" One of the marines yelled back, firing madly at the enraged brute.

The giant bear like creature raised his hammer up ready to crush the humans in his fury just as the Master Chief dropped from the catwalk he had been climbing across. All the weight of the Spartan armor and the Master Chief dropped down on brute Chieftain's back, hard. Setting him off balance, the brute stumbled, trying to rip the Spartan Soldier off his back.

"Time to take your medicine." The Chief muttered as he ripped a plasma grenade from his belt and thrust it into the open mouth of the brute. The burning hot plasma latched itself to the roof of the Chieftain's mouth as the Master Chief kicked off of the surprised looking alien. The last thing the alien leader did was claw feudally at his own mouth, bloodying himself with his own hands before his head exploded in a shower of crimson blood and blue plasma.

The fire had ceased. The marines looked in half awe half disgust at the Master Chief's handiwork. "Jesusâ€¦" Matt managed to mutter. Every one of the brutes in the hallway had been slain.

"We did itâ€¦" said a marine in utter astonishment.

"Yeahâ€¦ Yeah! We did! Hoo-ra!" The realization finally hit the marines that they weren't dead.

"Hoo-ra!" They shouted in unison!

"Yeah! Why don't you get up so we can kill you again you bastards!?" Shouted another leatherneck, pumping the remainder of his rifle round into the corpse of a nearby brute.

"Commander," Kyle radioed back to the command center. "The hallway is clear. We managed to kill off their advance team!"

"Excellent work soldiers. I wouldn't expect anything less from the Master Chief himself. Secure the hallway. Evacuations are well underway. It'll be a little while before they manage to get another attack force to this area, but seal it off and make sure it's completely secure."

"Yes, sir!" Kyle responded. He suddenly felt a heavy hand on his shoulder. He turned to see the Master Chief standing there. "You did good son. You're a good leader."

"Y-you think so, sir? Thank you. It is a privilege to serve my planet." Kyle responded.

The Master Chief nodded. "It's good to hear. It's all downhill from here. Don't sweat it, Young."

It turned out that it was only a few minutes before the brutes were able to send down another attack force, but the door was secure for the moment, and every precious second they spent trying to knock it down was a second gained in the evacuation. The marines now had the defensive position. The brutes wouldn't get through for a while.

It was after two more fire fights of holding at the door that the marines received the transmission from the Commanding Officer. "Men, the Pelicans are away. Good job. Get out of there. The base is set to self-destruct. There are transport hogs waiting for you in the back garage. Hurry and get there. You did well."

The Master Chief replied briefly, "Thank you, sir."

"Come on people!" Matt shouted at the group. "Let's get the hell out of here! Go, go, go!"

Abandoning their posts, the marines made for the back garage. A short

trip back though the now abandon command center and down an elevator to the last bit of the base. A well concealed, heavily reinforced door at the base of the mountain, which the head quarters were concealed in. There were a few more marines in the garage awaiting them. "Commander said you guys would be coming. I didn't think we'd get a Spartan when we called for help."

Kyle nodded at the speaker. "Are your men ready?"

"As ready as they'll ever be." The leatherneck responded.

"Alright people, saddle up! This place is gonna blow!" Kyle shouted.

"Hoo-ra!" The marines jumped into the warthogs, medium armored personal carrier jeeps. Most were armed with a single Light Anti-Aircraft Gun (or LAAG for short), and two front seats, one for a rocket jockey, traditionally, and the other, obviously, for the driver. There were, however, a few with more seats than normal, equipped with no weapon, but more heavily armored. These were the personnel carrier hogs. Extremely useful in the transportation or evacuation of ground troops. The vehicle coped with having no weapons by having armed marines at every possible angle in the thing.

"I'll get the door." A marine volunteered, heading over to the heavy exit gate as the others revved up the engines on the hogs. Kyle had found himself behind the wheel of an anti-aircraft hog. The machine gun, despite its name, mounted on the back of the warthog was extraordinarily effective against ground units, so the vehicle was really all purpose, and nearly all terrain.

The giant exit screeched open and sunlight, beautiful sunlight the marines hadn't been able to see in at least three months, flooded the cave. The hogs rolled out single file, the marine who had gotten the door jumped onto the last of the eight-vehicle convoy. There were five LAAG hogs and three personnel carriers.

There was a crackling as the marine's headpieces came to life and the Commander's voice came through, "Master Chief? Men? Can you all hear me?"

"Affirmative, sir." The Chief, who was behind the wheel of a personnel carrier, responded.

"Excellent. There's a good LZ nearby. It's some sort of ancient burial ground. You can't miss it. Perfectly flat, but in good cover thanks to the manmade hills around it. Just follow the trail west at the fork to get there and we'll pick you up, got it?"

"Yes sir." The Master Chief responded.

"Alright then. I'll leave you boys to it. See you there, and keep an eye out for Covenant air." The Commander finished as his voice cut off.

"We've got a nav point set up. Looks like it's about six miles out. Let's get there, marines!" Kyle encouraged through the helmet mics. The scenery was rushing by quickly. A lush green of the African forests that still remained.

The convoy had gone about three miles without any confrontation when what was clearly the sound of the old marine base exploding in on itself rumbled through the jungle environment. A tall pillar of smoke was visible even from the distance of the marines. Soon, the jungle environment leveled out into a fairly hilly plain. Brown sun-scorched grass lay around. There was no actual paved road, but the warthogs made it easily enough down the grassy path toward the burial ground.

"Heads up!" came a voice through helmet headsets. "You've got enemy air closing in on your position. Looks like something big!"

A vociferous sound came from the sky as a slip-space portal opened and a Covenant Cruiser ship, the size of a small city, vaporized out of it, sending a giant gust of wind over the landscape.

"They've sent out specters and other landing ships! They're trying to attack the other evac convoys!" Came the distress call over the radio.

The Master Chief motioned for the convoy to stop and pull over. The group pulled off and the marines hopped out of their vehicles to see what the Chief wanted.

"Listen," The Chief began, "I need to go and help those convoys, but I won't able to do it alone." The marines knew what was coming. "I need some volunteers to go with me."

Instantly, a group of the marines stepped forward. "We'll help you out Master Chief."

Kyle hesitated for a moment before stepping forward. "I'd be happy to aid you, sir."

"No." The Chef replied.

"No?" Kyle sounded confused.

"I need you to lead the others out of here. Our objective is still to get as many of you out of here as we can. Be sure you keep them safe, Young."

Kyle saluted. "Yes sir, Master Chief. I'll be sure." He assured the Master Chief.

Not wanting to waste any time, the soldiers hopped back into the warthogs and parted ways. One other Anti-Air Hog and one of the personnel carriers still followed Kyle's Jeep along the grassy path to the burial ground. The Landing Zone was only about a mile away now. The ancient manmade hills were visible now, as well as a broken chain link fence. The burial ground had obviously been some sort of historic park before the attacks had started. There was a modern, crumbling, concrete building a distance away that might have been a visitor center once. The chain fence was weak and the warthogs plowed easily through it onto the other side.

"Sir!" the marine in Kyle's side seat shouted at him over the roar of wind and the warthog's engine. "I'm detecting a strange energy surge from inside the burial ground! It doesn't appear to be dangerous, but it's messing with the instruments!"

"What? Let me see." Kyle shouted back, looking over the warthog's instruments. There was indeed a spike in energy levels at a concentrated point in the burial ground, but whatever was causing it wasn't making itself easy to identify. The motion scanners on the warthog were all screwed up, and even the basic readouts such as the speedometer and gas measurer were messing up.

"Forget about it!" Kyle yelled as the group continued to head for the middle of the grounds. "It isn't really doing anything except making my read outs difficult to see!"

The other marine nodded his agreement.

Before long the group arrived at the LZ. It was an eerie looking sight. Giant carved stones were placed around a centerpiece in a ritualistic manner. The Covenant air battle was easily visible from the point, but other than the air, the area seemed peaceful enough. The marines hopped out of the vehicles and spread out around the area.

"Clear, Kyle." Matt reported. "I don't like thisâ€¦ it's too damnâ€¦ wellâ€¦ I hate to use a clichÃ© but, quite."

Kyle looked around nervously. He couldn't help but agree. According to the sensors, the mysterious power source seemed to be emanating from the center of the ritualistic formation, but nothing was physically visible. That wasn't what was bugging Kyle, however. The marine wasn't particularly superstitious, but something about walking above over thousands of year old corpses that had been preserved since the beginning of the A.D. time line shook him up a bit.

Kyle put a hand to his headset as he called in, "Command, this is Kyle's team. We're at the LZ. Are you close?"

Much to Kyle's dismay, a panicked voice responded on the other end. Explosions and gunfire were clearly heard in the background as the voice cried, "Negative! There are too many of them! We have to take evasive action now!" The voice broke into radio static and Kyle was left wondering just what his rescue team had run into.

"Damn itâ€¦" Matt muttered to himself.

"Now what do we do?" A marine demanded.

Before Kyle could respond another transmission broke through the radio in a desperate, crackly, sounding voice, "Kyle, get your men out of there! You've got Cova-â€¦ â€¦ closâ€¦ on your posiâ€¦ !" Kyle couldn't tell what was closing in on his position with all the static ringing through the radio, but that didn't stop him from rushing back toward the warthogs as fast as he could.

"Mount up! There's something big coming! Let's get out of here!" He yelled to the others as they scrambled for the hogs.

It was only then that the group noticed the giant Covenant flagship that had vaporized over the burial ground looming right above them.

"Floor it!" Matt yelled to Kyle as he jumped on the hog's gun.

Kyle put his peddle to the metal and the warthog lurched forward spraying dirt from the back of the tires. It turned out to be too little too late, however, as the light plasma air to ground weapons from the flagship began to bombard the convoy. Kyle swerved the vehicle causing a giant burning ball of plasma to just miss Matt's head. There was far too much to dodge, however, and a heavy shot struck Kyle's passenger in the side, vaporizing his armor and causing him to cry out in pain.

"No!" Kyle yelled as he reached out to try and grab the marine as he fell from the hog. He was on the verge of turning around to retrieve the fallen man when Matt yelled for him to look at the flagship.

"What the hell is it doing?!" Matt demanded, "That looks like a glassing beam charge! They wouldn't!"

Glassing was a common tactic the Covenant employed in which their heavy fleet ships would constantly bombard the surface of a planet with plasma until nothing remained but a scorched liquid sphere, which would then solidify into glass.

The beam was blasted out of the flagship now firing at Kyle's convoy, hitting the centerpiece of the burial ground. Kyle shielded his eyes and lost control of the hog as a brilliant white light lit up the field drowning all sound and all vision for a moment. Things began to become visible yet again. The grass, the burial ground, the giant Covenant cruiser looming overhead.

'Huh? Where's the big stone?' Kyle thought wearily to himself. He forced his head to shake, his limbs to move, and his eyes to focus. The dazed feeling wore off as he regained his senses. He was still in the driver seat of the warthog, which was now on its side, and Matthew looked like he had just barely managed to escape being crushed by the jeep as he leaned up against the vehicle's side, rubbing his head. The other two hogs seemed like they had been thrown around, but they were both upright. What Kyle could not comprehend was the environment. Why did it look the same? The grass wasn't even scorched. And why weren't they still being fired at?

Kyle looked up at the Covenant flagship. "What? They're retreating! All right! They must think we're all dead or something!"

Matt, who had managed to pick himself up by this point, pointed toward the center of the burial ground, the place where the beam had hit, "That or the weird thing at the center of this freakin' graveyard scared them off." Matt mumbled weakly. He was obviously dazed.

"What the?" Kyle looked at the center of the burial ground seeing that the centerpiece that was the giant rock had disappeared and in its place was what appeared to be a large spark. Its blue electrical strands were crackling and making zapping sounds. It was a strange sight to behold, to say the least. It appeared to be growing larger too.

"Shit!" Matt muttered.

"Help me flip this thing!" Kyle yelled at his friend as the rolled the hog back onto its tires.

"Come on!" Kyle signaled for the others to rev up and get moving.

They had to get out of there quick.

So, that was when it all started. The glassing beam had hit the energy in the rock and created some sort of rift or something. I tried to get the others formed up, but we were a still in a little shock.

The sparks began to get bigger and bigger until finally they simply imploded in on themselves. Everything was quite for a moment before it all exploded. A whirlpool of translucent colors and sparks were now where the rock had been. It had formed some sort of time rift or something. It was difficult to describe, but think about those hypnotic spiral dials that are always seen in cartoons and stuff, but make it more zapping and transparent and you've got it.

I noticed the tires screeching against the dirt again, and as I looked back I was confronted with a terrifying image. The portal was ripping things off the ground and sucking them into it. Stones, grass, dirt, the land itself, they were all being pulled into this thing. Then I noticed the hog's back tires beginning to lift up.

"Ohâ€¦ noâ€¦" I muttered. Nobody could have heard me even if I had been shouting. There was a yell, and something over the radio. Nobody could make it out. It was one giant whirlpool of sound as the rest of the marines and I were sucked into the rift.

I clung desperately to the warthog's front panel, not wanting to go flying off into the nothingness without something to hold onto. I was at the mercy of the storm. I felt like a little kid again. Helplessâ€¦ But fallingâ€¦ fallingâ€¦

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Next Chapter: Chapter 3: Enter the Hedgehog. See just where the marines have landed though this mysterious portal. And isn't this a cross over!? Where the hell is Sonic? Enter our favorite blue blur in Chapter 3: Enter the Hedgehog!

3. Enter the Hedgehog

A/N: We begin to see some depth enter the story here (just a start). Please read and review. Do not own Halo or Sonic material.

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****Chapter 3: Enter the Hedgehog****

Kyle made a moaning sound as he put a hand to his head and sat up in the seat of the warthog. "What hit me?" he asked to no one in particular. It was a stupid question, to be sure, but the marine wasn't quite back to his senses. Rubbing his eyes, Kyle blinked quickly trying to focus on the scene around him. He was definitely still in the driver seat of the UNSC warthog. The jeep was on its wheels, and an unconscious Matt Rardin lay in the back with one arm slung over the LAAG, a small bit of drool trickling from his mouth. Kyle spotted the other two warthogs a short distance away, seemingly unharmed with the exception of the scrapes and abuse they had just gotten from the escape plan.

The surroundings were extraordinarily ugly, and Kyle could smell the distinct stench of smoke and sludge in the air.

"Urghâ€|" he moaned, sitting up straighter in the seat.

"Matt. Matt, wake up," Kyle whispered to his gunner, shaking the man's arm.

"Wha- Wuz' at?" the semi-conscious marine murmured incoherently, opening his eyes. "Huh? Where the hell are we?"

The two leathernecks took in the surrounding terrain, or what was left of the terrain. Most of the landscapes were made up of tall, metallic buildings with grime covering their sides and smoke pouring from their roofs.

"Real pleasant place," Kyle muttered to Matt.

"Uhhhh-huhâ€|" he mumbled back, still looking up at the grimy buildings.

The streets were paved in concrete and metal, and trash blew through the area freely. A lamplight flickered feebly nearby, but no signs of any other people were apparent.

"Are we still on Earth?" Kyle asked.

Matt glanced at the controls for a second. "Dunno. Nothings working right. Look at these instruments. They're haywire. It's like thatâ€| That thing we went through screwed them all up," Matt guessed.

"Thing?" Kyle asked, more to himself than Matt, but nevertheless his friend answered.

"Yeah, you know. Giant portal thing. Really scary. Sucked in half the landscape, including us," Matt stated matter-of-factly. Now that he thought about it, Kyle could remember, but what the hell had it been. There wasn't time to worry about it at the moment. The marines had no idea where they were and no idea where the closest person was. They had to move. Staying put wouldn't do them any good, although Kyle was beginning to think that maybe he'd die of the smell in the area.

"God, whatever this place is, they obviously haven't heard of the

environment protection plan," Kyle complained, coughing in an attempt to clear his lungs.

"Marines!" he yelled over the communicator. The shortwave radio was still in perfectly fine condition and Kyle could hear his voice being echoed a few meters away in the other warthogs. "Sound off!" he ordered.

A mixture of mumbling and shifting around was heard from the two other warthogs. A weak voice was heard through the radio, "Personnel carrier, all present and accounted for, sir." ugh

And then, "Warthog Anti Air class I.D. number 22671, all present and accounted forâ€¦ damn, my headâ€¦"

Kyle glanced over at the empty passenger seat in his own hog. 'I lost oneâ€¦ I failed him. I failed the Chiefâ€¦' Kyle couldn't keep the thought from entering his mind. He had let down his idol, he had let down the marine by letting him get killed, and he had let down himself as a leader. Still, the rest were all right, and still his responsibility.

"All right. Rev up. Were moving out."

"Aye, sir," came the response through the radio.

Matt yawned and stood up to operate the turret. It was a somewhat comical sight of a sleep-deprived individual with drooping features behind the trigger of a mounted mini-gun. Kyle almost wanted to laugh at the sight as Matt shook his head in an attempt to get the dazed look out of his features.

Kyle turned back to the wheel and turned on the ignition. The engine roared to life.

"You awake marines!?" Kyle demanded, trying to put some pep in his voice.

"Hoo-ra!" came the energetic response through the speakers.

The three vehicles rolled off down the concrete pavement, ready for anything, they thoughtâ€¦

[illegible]

The dark figure was busy looking over the results on his latest experiment. The monitors of the computer screens buzzed lightly as the evil, red eyes skimmed over the readouts on them.

"Sir?" came a congested and nervous sounding voice from behind the dark figure sitting in the giant command chair. "It would appear our monitors have picked up an intruder of some sort. You may want to take a look, uncle."

"What?!" came the crisp and menacing response from the dark man. Dr. Julian Ivo Robotnik turned the mechanical, command chair to face his nephew. "The blue hedgehog again, Snively?" he asked, the word 'hedgehog' was spat out, and sounded like it had been dipped in

We might have company! "

"Good!" one of the marines replied, tossing his crushed beer can out the back of the personnel carrier, "Maybe they can tell us where on Earth we are?"

'If we're on Earthâ€¦' Kyle couldn't help but think to himself.

"Kyle! Look there!" Matt shouted, pointing above them. A group of three beetle shaped hovercrafts were flying toward the small convoy. With their windows tinted, it was impossible to tell what flew them.

"What the hell are those things, Kyle?" the driver of the personnel carrier asked.

"Can't say. Not Covenant, I hope," the sniper responded. Kyle waved his hand in the air signaling to the flying contraptions. When he thought about it, he supposed they looked a little like flying clown cars. But whatever they were, they had pilots, and that meant communication.

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Dr. Robotnik's voice shook in anger, "Oh-hohoâ€¦ Waving at me, eh? I'll show you, you insolent littleâ€¦!" Dr. Robotnik lapsed into incomprehensible mutterings as he tapped in some orders on his computer.

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"INTRUDERS FOUND. DESTROY TARGETS." The monotone, robotic voice was obnoxiously and unnecessarily loud, but Kyle was glad for it or he would never have turned the warthog in time to avoid the laser like beam that disintegrated the ground before them.

"What the fuck, dude?" Matt shouted as he pivoted the LAAG toward the flying, beetle-like contraptions.

Kyle heard the crackle of his fellow marine's voices over the warthog speakers.

"That's a 10-4, team," Kyle responded. "Enemy did just open fire on us. Permission to take down hostiles granted."

Matt opened up on the flying vehicles, but several bullets from the LAAG bounced off of the sleek skin of the flying contraptions, only a few making it through the apparently fairly thick armor.

"Air gunner two! Try to flank the enemy from the other side!" Kyle commanded over the radio. The second warthog pulled up along side the flying vehicle opening a second barrage of anti-air fire on the new enemy. Pinned between the crossfire of the two powerful rounds, the vehicle was crushed by the rain of lead as it broke apart and burst into flame in mid-flight.

"Hoo-ra! Keep it up marines!" Matt shouted loudly enough to hear

"Negative, sir! There are too many of them!" came the response.

Kyle slowed just for a moment to take in his surroundings. His fellow marine was right. There must have been at least eighty of the robotised ground troops around the area, and with only five of them they had no choice but to turn tail and run.

"Damn it! We'll just have to find a way out of here!" Kyle responded. As he swerved the warthog back around, his head just barely missed being disintegrated as a laser passed within inches of him.

"Floor it!" Matt shouted, still firing at the robots. Unlike the armored air vehicles, the LAAG seemed to chew through the human-like robots with relative ease. Nevertheless, the massive amounts of numbers, still increasing by the second, were overwhelming the vehicles.

"There! Up ahead!" the second driver shouted over the radio, "We might be able to make that!"

The thing that they "might be able to make" was a downed bridge. The very arc of the concrete and steel structure was missing, but it was risk of about a fifty-foot drop or killer robots.

"Go for it!" Kyle shouted, right behind his fellow marines. "Stick it to the floor!"

The engines on the hogs screamed in protest as they were revved up to their max speed. If not for the slight upturn of steel at the edge of the bridge, the jeeps would have plummeted into the greenish bubbling waters below, but as it was, they were rocketed into the air, single file, over and onto the other stable end of the bridge.

One of the marines shouted in exhilaration as the warthogs landed with a loud crunching sound.

"Everyone good to go? Sound off," Kyle ordered over the radio.

"I'm A-okay," Matt reported, smiling still from the thrill of living through the jump.

"This is 22671. We're all here, but I don't think we should be much longer," the other warthog driver reported.

The robots might not have been able to follow them over the murky green waters below the overpass, but they could still shoot. Laser fire nicked the back of the warthogs as they sat idle on the other side of the bridge.

"Good suggestion. Let's make like a hockey stick and get puck out of here! Eat my dust robo-boys!" Kyle shouted back at the bots as the two still operational LAAGs fired pot shots at the rapidly disappearing enemies.

Several minutes passed before anything else was said. Matt was the first to break the silence. "Kyle. Let's find some cover so we can talk about what our next move is."

Kyle nodded. "How about that area over there?" He said pointing toward what appeared to be a scrap metal junkyard.

"Yeah, fine," Matt replied.

Kyle radioed for the other jeep and the two pulled over taking cover behind the immense piles of junk in the area.

Piling out of the vehicles, the five remaining marines began to discuss their next move.

"Did you manage to see what happened to the others?"

"Negative, sir. They must have either been destroyed or captured."

The marines were too busy to notice the beeping noise from warthog's short-range scanners. It seemed ages before anyone noticed the persistent beeps, which were growing ever louder.

"What the-?" Kyle finally looked up, sparing a glance at the warthogs.

"Oh, son of mother fu- !" Kyle didn't get a chance to finish his curse as the robot lasers rained down on them once again. The beetle-like flying machines had returned, likely they had never left, but had been momentarily impeded by the narrow ally the convoy had slipped down earlier.

"Back to the hogs!" Kyle shouted.

Matt dove out of the way of a laser bolt, another nailed a marine in the side, causing him to fall from the impact.

"Get up!" Kyle helped the man to his feet. Luckily the state of the art armor had taken the worst of the blow. Sprinting for their vehicles, the marines dove into the seats, revving the engines up and hitting the gas as quickly as they could. It wasn't quick enough, though. The LAAG in the second warthog managed to get off a few short bursts of fire before the hail of lasers rained down upon them. Whether it was the gas tank igniting or just the massive amount of abuse the warthog had received, Kyle and Matt would never know, but the scream of terror their friends let out as the vehicle burst into flame would be forever imbedded in their minds.

Kyle stared horrified for what seemed like an eternity before Matt kicked him in the back of the head with his heavy boot.

"Kyle!" he shouted, "Get us the hell out of here!"

Kyle snapped his attention back to wheel and pressed down on the accelerator, hard. The last warthog ripped up the dirt as its wheels dug into the ground, rocketing it forward.

[illegible]

Ten seconds of watching had been more than enough for the figure on the hill. Typically, standing still with no one else to talk to was a major bore for this particular person, but what were those other creatures down in the junkyard? The only human he had seen in years

"Wait, stop!" Kyle shouted, "You know, shooting everything doesn't always solve the situation."

"Ohâ€¦ you sure?" replied Matt.

Kyle redirected his attention to the figure in front of them, which was now tapping its foot impatiently before it spoke to them, "Hey! I noticed you were fighting those SWATbots from the hill up there!" he said, pointing to a rise in the terrain in the distance. "I thought you might want some help, so I cut on in! Heh, heh. But what the heck were you thinking driving straight into Robotropolis? You must be insane or something!" the creature continued to speak.

"Matt. Matt that thing is talking to meâ€¦ It's speaking Matt. I'm not the only one hearing this, right?" Kyle asked. Matt simply shook his head, his mouth gaping open.

"What? Of course I can talk! I'm Sonic the Hedgehog! But you've probably heard of me as well as the Freedom Fighters around here! Gosh, I haven't seen another human around here for a real long time! So, where are you guys from?"

"Uhâ€¦ Earth?" Kyle said real slowly.

The hedgehog stared blankly.

Kyle and Matt stared back.

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"S-s-sirâ€¦" Snively stammered, sweating furiously, "Our flying division was just destroyedâ€¦"

"WHAT?!" Robotnik shouted at the top of his lungs, successfully putting a dent in the controls of his command chair. "How is that possible, Snively?" the doctor asked, getting up from his chair to stand over the cringing Snively.

"I-i-it's the Hedgehog, sir. Th-the rodent is back." the stammering assistant reported.

Dr. Robotnik clenched his fists in rage as he locked his jaw and scrunched his eyes closed. He was obviously trying to hold back a scream of rage, but the general effect merely made him appear constipated. Finally, the overweight doctor seemed to get himself under control again as his facial features returned to normal. With an incredible effort, Robotnik managed to speak with a forced calm, "Snivelyâ€¦ I am not happy. NOT HAPPY!" He growled, his face distorting into a menacing glare.

Dr. Robotnik's nephew gulped deeply. "Y-your Roundnessâ€¦ We did manage to take several of the other humans captive!" Snively managed a small, nervous giggle.

Robotnik stood up straight, putting a hand on his chin. "I seeâ€¦ Well, I suppose this wasn't a complete failure. Come Snively! We must investigate this matter further!" The evil doctor made his way toward

"Oh yeahâ€¦ what are those things exactly?" Sonic asked, pointing toward the mounted mini-gun. "They look an awful lot like Robotnik's lasers, exceptâ€¦ at the same time they're not."

"This?" I couldn't believe it. The hedgehog creature hadn't ever even seen a gun before! And lasers? How could that even be possible? They were a work of science fiction. If one hadn't just almost disintegrated me, I would have argued just that. Even the elusive Covenant technology wasn't technically lasers. It just contained condensed plasma that they had somehow found a way to harvest.

"This is a mounted mini-gun. Light anti air gun type. LAAG for short. They're standard issue on regular class UNSC warthog transports." I tried to explain.

"The UN-whatahun? Isn't that some kind of animal? A warthog I mean?" The hedgehog seemed confused.

"Uhâ€¦" Where could I begin?

"Wellâ€¦ we'll talk later. Will you come with me?" Sonic asked.

I nodded my head. "Lead the way."

"Okay! Try and keep up!" Sonic mumbled something else under his breath to the effect of, 'Man is Sally is gonna kill me.' But I wasn't quite sure if that was what I had heard or not.

I dropped the thought when I saw how fast the little guy could move though! Within a second he must have been a hundred feet away from us, but thanks to the thick dust trail, he wasn't hard to follow.

I kicked the poor, abused warthog back into gear and had it on the road again, racing after the speedy, blue hedgehog.

It was a few minutes before I could see where he was leading us, but I felt I could trust the strange little creature (not that I had much choice). Matt and I were putting all our eggs in one basket, as they say.

Before long, however, I could make out blue in the sky again, as well as the abrupt end of the road and an open wide field. The warthog rumbled as it dropped off of the asphalt and onto the rough dirt of the field ahead of us. I could see brown grass a little further on and gradually it even turned into a pure, green-fielded meadow. It seemed the fumes from the city killed off any plants that tried to grow close to it. There was an occasional tree that I could spot strewn through the area, but it was such a vast expanse of plains that the occasional tree was hardly noticed, and they were quite a ways away from us anyway.

Sonic would circle back every once and a while to make sure we hadn't lost him, but you could see for miles over the clear, flat field. It wasn't hard to see where we were heading, though. At the end of the field lay a tree line of unbelievable size! It extended over the horizon line farther than I could see in each direction. This was undoubtedly the Great Forest Sonic had spoken of.

The all terrain wheels of the warthog rumbled over the flat plain, hitting the occasional small hole or rut and bouncing back up. It was

nervousness.

"Y-yes your corpulency?" Snively attempted to keep his knees from shaking. In the past, the doctor had had many large fits after his victory seemed imminent, only to be thwarted by the vile blue hedgehog time and time again. The almost happy mood he was experiencing now, Snively recalled, was the mood he tended to be in before something incredibly bad happened.

"Make sure the prisoners are secured! I don't want any accidents while I'm in there. And keep an eye out for that confounded hedgehog!" The Doctor's leather gloves squeaked as he curled his hand into a tight fist at the mention of Sonic.

Snively made a quick salute. "Yes sir!"

Snively scurried off to the command room. He would make absolutely sure that Sonic could not interfere this time! Sitting down in a chair that was slightly too large for him, Snively punched a button on the control board bringing up several surveillance camera displays. Most were posted sentinels strewn throughout the city in tactical locations, but the first one revealed the laboratory room in which the marines were being kept. They were all sitting in the center of the room at laser point of at least a dozen black armored SWATbots.

"Snively!" Robotnik's voice came through Snively's hand held communicator. "Is the room under control?"

"Yes, sire! It would appear that the prisoners are not attempting to make any trouble." Snively responded.

"Excellent! Keep an eye on the city monitors for me, would you? My devilishly skilled interrogating tactics must not be interrupted!" Robotnik's lip curled into a smile as he strode toward the sliding door of the laboratory.

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Our warthog drew closer and closer to the forested horizon. It was even bigger up close than I thought. There were trees the size of redwoods and larger, and I wasn't even sure what they were! Sonic was standing on one of the branches by the time Matt and I got to the woods.

"Hey slow pokes!" Sonic shouted down to us. "What took ya so long?"

I glanced quizzically up at Matt. "Yeah | he's cool." Matt said sarcastically.

I shifted into four-wheel drive and plowed into the forest. Sonic jumped down from the tree and into the warthog's side seat. "Man!" the Hedgehog exclaimed as he began toying with the readouts. "This sure is some pretty ancient technology!"

I pushed his hands away, not wanting him to mess up the already screwy display. "You're one to talk. You've never even heard of a machine gun before." Matt pointed out.

Sonic kicked his feet up on the dashboard as he leaned back into the seat. "So what? It's just a stupid weapon! We don't need things like that around here!"

I tried to give him a look like he was insane, but the hedgehog had his eyes closed. "Well believe it or not, they came in pretty handy back there, bub. Seems like a pretty dangerous place to me" I reasoned.

Sonic opened one eye to look at me. "Well, duh! If you're gonna go snooping around Robotropolis you're gonna get smashed!" Sonic said in a 'that's the dumbest thing anyone has ever said to me' sort of tone. "What the heck did you think you were doing in there anyway?"

"I told you, I don't know how we got there." I replied.

"Yeah, I don't typically fight killer robots myself." Matt said.

Sonic shook his head. "I don't get you two. How do you not know how you got somewhere?"

"It's not as simple as I'm making it out to be. See, my team and I were waiting on this ancient burial ground when a Covenant cruiser tried to glass my convoy and we â€".

"Erâ€|" Sonic interrupted as he looked nervously at me. "I-I don't really get any of that stuff. You'd be better off talking to Sally about all that science mumbo-jumbo." Sonic said, as he laughed at his own ignorance. Or at least that's what it looked like he was laughing at.

"Ohâ€| Who's that?" I asked.

"Princess Sally Acorn! She's the leader of the Freedom Fighters! And, uhâ€| not to make you jealous or anything, but she and I are kind of an object." He said winking at me and nudging me with his elbow.

I stared blankly back at him. Bluntly, that meant less than nothing to me. "Oâ€| kay." I figured I'd find out soon enough anyway.

"Hang a left up here, dude!" Sonic pointed.

I turned off in the direction he had motioned toward.

"Ah! Here we are! Home sweet Knothole!" Sonic declared, pointing at a hollow rotting log.

"â€|Uh. What the fuck, man?" Matt looked confused. I'm sure I did too.

"You live in a log?" I asked incredulously.

"Nooooo." Sonic said in his 'duh' tone again. He had his hands on his waist as he directed an annoyed look at Matt. Apparently, the hedgehog didn't approve of our language. "What I'm about to show you

two is absolutely TOP SECRET! Understand? If Robotnik found out about this place, the Freedom Fighters would be doomed!"

I nodded. "Hmmâ€¦ I see. If that's the case, I don't think we should have driven the warthog back here." I said motioning to the trail we had left in the woods.

"Ack!" Sonic cried out. In a blue blur, the hedgehog dashed out of the warthog and began covering the trail we had made back up. He was out of eyesight in a matter of seconds.

I leaned back in the driver's seat and idled the engine.

"So. What the fuck is going on?" Matt asked.

I shrugged. "Best I can tell isâ€¦ we're not where we want to be."

"Rightâ€¦ So? Where the hell does it leave us then?" Matt asked, annoyed with my answer.

"Dunno. I guess we'll get some answers from blue boy once we get to his homeâ€¦ Speaking of whichâ€¦"

Matt and I simultaneously looked over at the hollowed out log.

"A passage?" I guessed.

"I guess so." Matt replied.

We could hear Sonic coming up behind us now. He screeched to a stop right by us. "Phew! Good thing you said something, man! Now. Where was I?" the hedgehog asked, scratching his head. "Oh yeah! Knothole! Here, just follow me!" The hedgehog rolled himself up into a spiky ball and rolled himself into the log, disappearing into the hollow.

Matt and I jumped out of the warthog and stretched.

"After you." He said to me, motioning for the log.

I was a little hesitant, but what did I have to fear? Woodworms? "If you say so." I replied, grabbing the log by its top and swinging into it like a slide. The surface was surprisingly smooth. It must have been used many times before to get the almost friction free texture it had. I couldn't see anything as I made my way down the chute, so when sunlight hit me and I was thrown into a pile of hay, I was just a little bit surprised. I got up and brushed myself off.

"Wowâ€¦" I muttered to myself. What knothole appeared to be was a clearing in the woods comprised of at least a dozen of the coziest looking wooden cottages I'd ever seen. I could hear Matt coming through the passage that led to it now so I decided it would be in my best interest to move away from the haystack. I looked around for Sonic and found him getting what looked like a very harsh scolding from yet another of the strange human-like animals. This one sort of resembled a squirrelâ€¦ or maybe a chipmunk. She had red hair on her head, but that was contrasted by the tan and light brown that covered the rest of her. She was sporting a blue vest and boots, and I noted a small computer looking object strapped to one of them.

'Huhâ€¦ weird. Does that mean that Sonic is naked?' I couldn't help but wonder. I supposed not, since this other personâ€¦ thingâ€¦ still wasn't wearing pants of any sort.

Matt fell into the haystack and I heard him curse. I turned back to meet up with him. "Hey, check it out." I said, motioning around as he brushed himself off.

"Uhâ€¦ whoaâ€¦ waitâ€¦ If we're still in the woodsâ€¦ what was the point of going through that fucking log?" Matt asked irritated. I was wondering the same thing as a matter of fact. We looked back at the hollow log we had shot out of and found that we couldn't really see much past it. The passage was completely obscured by shrubbery, trees, weeds, and other wild plant life.

"Hm. Maybe there was a cliff or something we went down in order toâ€¦" I began to theorize, but Matt tapped me on the shoulder.

Sonic and the chipmunk one were walking toward us. I'm sure that with our fully suited UNSC combat uniforms and weapons and being about two or three heads taller than they were, we must have appeared just as strange to the newcomer and Sonic as they did to us.

For some reason, Sonic was looking a little crestfallen and the chipmunk girl appeared rather flustered.

I was about to extend a hand in greeting when she pointed a finger at Matt and me. "All right, who are you two?!" the chipmunk demanded in a forceful tone.

"Salâ€¦" Sonic seemed to want to say something but, the other held up a hand to silence him.

"Are you spies for Robotnik? That's it, isn't it? Why else would you have tricked this idiot into leading straight to our hideout?" She asked.

If I'm recalling correctly, Matt and I had finally had it. I was losing patients after the accusations, but luckily my fellow marine was the one who blew up for me. "If someone doesn't tell me who this Robotnik character is and where we are in the next five seconds, I'M GONNA BLOW SOMETHING'S FUCKING HEAD OFF, HEAR ME??"

Although I was pretty used to Matt's fowl language, I have to admit that even I wasn't quite prepared for his sudden outburst. The other two were sort of shocked into sudden silence, the chipmunk's hand was still stiffly pointing at us, but she seemed to have forgotten that she was accusing us of something momentarily.

After a short awkward silence, I nudged Matt in the side with my elbow.

"Erâ€¦" He began, "So yeahâ€¦ Who is he anyway?"

"Sal, that's what I've been tryin' to tell ya. They don't know a thing about Mobius!" Sonic interjected.

"They have to be making it up! Nobody knows nothing about Mobius,

Sonic."

"Actually," I said matter-of-factly, "We're somebody."

The red head turned back to me, "Okay, say you didn't know anything, Robotnik is an evil man who is trying to take over this world by exterminating everyone in it except for himself and stupid robots! Now you know. But don't think I'm buying into this dumb act!"

"So, that makes him the head of that city we almost died in. Which meansâ€¦ This Robotnik guyâ€¦ is responsible for the deaths of my comrades."

"Iâ€¦ uhâ€¦ what?" The chipmunk girl stuttered.

"It's true, Sal. I saw it happenâ€¦" Sonic said, coming to our aid.

"Ohâ€¦ I'mâ€¦ I'm sorry to hear thatâ€¦" she mumbled in a barely audible tone.

Matt shrugged and I pretended to have suddenly become very interested in the color of the sky. "Forget about it. Happens every day back home."

The two looked a little incredulous. Matt shrugged again saying, "You don't have to believe him. It doesn't look like it matters over here anyway."

There was another short awkward silence before I thought to say, "Oh, who are you?"

"Me?" the chipmunk girl asked, snapping back to her senses.

Sonic answered my question for her, however, "This, gentlemen, is the beautiful (yet deadly) Princess Sally Acorn, leader of the freedom fighters and -!" He attempted announcing, but he was cut off.

Sally looked annoyed. "Erâ€¦ yes. That would be me. Thank you, Sonic." she sighed. "Look, sorry for the cold welcome, its just, if this place isn't safe, no place is."

I nodded. "Sure, I guess I understand." For some reason it made me think of Earth. It had been the only safe place left for humans, but then the covenant had found out its location and the space station defense went to hell. I guess it was the same idea.

"I'm sorry. We haven't introduced ourselves. My name is Kyle Young, and my foul-mouthed friend over here is Matthew. Matt for short." Matt kicked me discreetly in the back of the leg and I stifled a laugh as I extended my hand in greeting once again. This time Sally took my hand in a formal manner and shook.

"It's aâ€¦ pleasure to meet you two." She said slowly.

I was just getting used to how weird things were around here when an all-new oddity presented itself.

"Hey, what's all the noise out here?" Came a child's voice. I couldn't see where it was coming from though.

"Tails! I told you not to come outside!" Sally shouted into the air. The air? I looked up.

If I was to assume that 'Tails' was the newcomer's name, it was very appropriate, seeing as how he had two. Just when I thought that things couldn't get any stranger, I found out that some of these creatures could fly. The one approaching us from overhead now was rapidly spinning its tails in a manner that made him hover in the air.

"But Aunt Sallyâ€¦" the Tails creature was looking at the squirrel with sad puppy dog eyes. Sally managed to keep her stern face before sighing and losing it completely.

"Gentlemen, this is Miles. The youngest of the freedom fighters." Sally explained.

"Who are they, Aunt Sally?" the young creature resembled a yellow colored fox with a white belly, but he wore red and white shoes and stood on two feet. The most noticeable feature, of course, was the double protrusion from his back end. Two tails. Don't ask me how he figured out how to fly with them. I still don't know myself.

"This is Kyle and Matt. They'reâ€¦ umâ€¦ humans, butâ€¦ well, I'm not really sure what you are exactly." She said, motioning toward our gear.

"Ah, we're marines. We work with the UNSC. By the sound of things, I doubt you've heard of it." I guessed.

Sally shook her head no, but Tails seemed not to have heard us at all.

"Humans?! Really!? Wow! I've never met a human who wasn't evil before! How come you're not fat? What's that on your back? Isn't all that metal heavy? Where did you come from? How did you get here? Can you show me? By the way! You can call me Tails! Everyone does!" Tails explained hyperactively.

"What the f- ?" Matt began, but Sally cut him off.

"Let's not overwhelm them, Tails. C'mon. It's getting late, you can talk to them in the morning." Sally said.

"Awww, butâ€¦" Tails began, but Sally put a finger to his mouth.

"No buts. Bed." Sally pointed to a cottage.

Tails' head drooped, but he went obediently toward the cottage.

I hadn't really noticed till now, but it was beginning to get dark. The rush of adrenaline I'd gotten in the city was only now wearing off. As I realized the hour, it dawned on me just how tired I was.

"Are you really his aunt?" I went ahead and asked.

"No. We don't know where Tails' real family is right now. We assume they were roboticised. The poor guy needs someone to look after him.

He's tough though. As for you," she said pointing at Matt, "Try to watch your language around him, okay?" she told him, eyebrows lowered.

"Errrmæ| Sorry." Matt said. "I guess where I come from people don't really think about it too much."

"No, but they should." I mumbled.

"What was that?!" He demanded.

"What? What was what?" I said looking around in mock ignorance.

"Anyway guys!" Sonic butted in, "I think we should probably hit the sack! I'll introduce you to the rest of gang la-"

Okay, before I tell how exactly Sonic was cut off in mid-sentence yet again, let me just say, hedgehogs running at the speed of sound? That's weird. City made up entirely of killer robots? That's weird. Chipmunk ladies getting pissed off at you and accusing you of spying? That's weird. Flying two-tailed fox boys with hyperactive attitudes? That's weird too, but nothing really beats weirdness than a French accent flying straight at you with sword drawn.

"Fear not Prinzess! I vill save you vrom zees scabrous beasts!" Came the voice.

"Antoine, no!" Shouted Sally.

I didn't have time to think. There was a sharp shiny object heading toward my face and I had to make a snap decision or risk losing my eye. I ducked, grabbing the sniper rifle from my back and bringing it up in a sort of Bo staff fashion. Now grasped in two hands, the sniper rifle rung in my hands as what appeared to be a French style cutlass made contact with the metal. The creature wielding the sword looked surprised, but I slid underneath the block and kicked the small creature in the gut. I heard a muffled grunt as I picked the creature off the ground with the kick and flipped it over my head. The creature yelped as he hit the ground and I saw Matt had already pulled his M6C Magnum side arm from his leg holster in combat instinct. Sally had two hands over her mouth and I realized that I had just made a mistake in nearly breaking the small dog-like animal's neck.

"Kyle! Matt! P-please! Don't kill him!" Sally stuttered.

The newcomer got wobbly to his feet. Sonic's mouth was agape. "Jeez, Ant. You really got your butt kicked!" the blue hedgehog said matter of factly.

"Butt kicked? I sink notâ€¦| me nonâ€¦|" the newcomer, Antoine I assumed, was slurring his words together as he spoke. Soon, he keeled over and landed flat on his back. Sonic burst into uncontrollable laughter as Sally simply shook her head.

Matt and I looked at each other and shrugged. We'd figure it out eventually.

[illegible]

A/N: Yeahâ€¦ I finally updated. I'm actually in Japan right now. It's very cool :D ! Well, look for updates in what will probably be the distant future (just warning you). I enjoy hearing from you people. Oh, I didn't look over this section very closely. Tell me if you find typos.

The Ninja

5. Mobius and the Marines

****Chapter 5: Marines of Mobius****

* * *

><p>AN: Dear readers, I appreciate your patience for this chapter. As you may know if you have read my profile, I've been having some hard drive problemsâ€¦ and by problems I mean it was deleted. This was most unfortunate as this chapter was sentences away from being complete and had no backup. I have tried to recreate my writing as best as I could, but things never sound quite the same the second time through. I know it has been a while and I am grateful for your understanding and support.

This chapter took a drastic change while rewriting it for the second time. I realized that I really needed a few more "Haloy" elements to it, so I attempted to remedy that in this chapter. Let me know if you like the idea.

I do not own Sonic or Halo.

—

Dr. Ivo Robotnik strutted into the room the marines were being held in with an obvious note of arrogance in his step.

"Well, what have we here?" he said to no one in particular. His fingers drummed together as an evil smile played across his features. The five hostage marines looked up from the floor where they were being held at laser point. One shrugged. "I dunno. A fat man?" he said casually.

Robotnik's evil grin slipped from his face, his hands dropping to his sides. "Speak out of turn again," the doctor said menacingly, "AND I'LL HAVE YOU FRIED WHERE YOU STAND!"

"Sit." The marine corrected him.

"SILENCE!!!" Robotnik shouted with such force the fort seemed to shake.

Away in the observation center Snively snickered quietly to himself, "Set yourself up for that one you fat dunceâ€¦" he mumbled, as he grinned to himself.

"Look pal," another marine said, "You've just assaulted UNSC marine personal. That's an offence punishable by life in the joint to death, and seeing the current state of things, probably death."

"Ha ha ha!" Robotnik cackled madly, "Current state of things? UNSC? Sounds made up! No. I'm afraid you sniveling piles of sludge are quite on your own, and you're going to tell me, the great Doctor Ivo Robotnik, everything I want to know!"

"Do I look like I have the 'Learn to Loose 300 Pounds Fast' directory memorized?" a third marine asked, "I doubt if I'll be able to tell you what you want to know."

Robotnik gritted his teeth in anger and pulled a small device resembling a toy gun from a pocket. He pointed it at the marine that had just spoken and pulled the trigger. An electric current ran through the marine causing him to yell in pain and surprise.

"Shut up! Now tell me what you were doing in my city, you ingrates." Robotnik demanded.

"But you just told us to shut up," the marine that had just been shocked pointed out sardonically. Smoke was coming from his mouth.

"Hey asshole," the first marine said, "You ever hear of the Geneva Convention? It's pretty old. You probably should have heard of it by now."

Robotnik raised an eyebrow. "As a matter of fact I haven't stop making things up or you'll get worse than him." He said pointing to the previously shocked marine.

"Up yours and your robots' asses too, bitch," the marine that had been shocked responded.

Robotnik slammed a fist against the wall in frustration, "That's the last straw! SWATbots! Make an example of this fool! Take him down to the lab! We'll see how loose your tongue is when it's made of metal!" he began to cackle madly yet again.

Heavy metal hands closed around the marine's bound arms and began to drag him away. The others tried to rise up and help their friend but were pushed down by their captors.

Training kicked in. This wasn't an enemy to mess around with. It was time for something drastic, the marine decided. He quickly managed to wriggle out of his combat boot and catch the concealed frag grenade with his other foot. Praying his accuracy wouldn't be off, he tossed it up to his mouth and caught it by the pin.

"No!" One of the marines saw what was happening and managed to force his way past the SWATbot guards but it was too little too late.

"FUCK YOU!" The marine with the grenade shouted as he slammed his weight into the leg of one of the SWATbots dragging him along.

Robotnik turned just in time to see the marine, the SWATbots dragging

him, and a good section of the hallway burst into a crimson fountain of blood, sparks, robot parts, and bits of the base.

Back in the observation room Snively let out a high pitched squeal of terror. Not for what had just happened to the marine, but for the fact that it would, inevitably, be he that was blamed for this mishap.

Robotnik whirled on the other marines; smoke filling his vision and lungs he shouted, "SWATbots! Contain the other prisoners immediately!"

Dozens of the heavy robots tackled the four remaining marines to the ground again.

Robotnik dusted himself off in an aggravated manner, "Snivelyyyyyyâ€|" he growled menacingly into a camera.

Snively gulped. "Y-yes, sir?" he managed to say.

"Look at the state of this place! You told me they had been thoroughly searched!" Robotnik raged. "That hallway had key components placed all through it! It'll take at least a day to fix it correctly!"

"Understood, sir! I'll send down the repair bots right away!" Snively promised quickly.

"I'm coming back up!" Robotnik said to Snively. He turned back to the marines, "SWATbots! Lock these rejects up for the time being! AND RESEARCH THEM! Make absolutely sure they can't escapeâ€|" the doctor mumbled as he marched his way out of the door from which he had come in.

"AFFIRMATIVE, MASTER. PRISONERS WILL BE RETAINED." Came the robotic response.

The four remaining marines looked at each other. There was little they could do.

"Kyle is out there, men." The first marine muttered to the others. "We have to survive. He'll come back for usâ€|" he'll come backâ€|" he muttered half heartedly.

* * *

><p><p>

I woke to the sound of chirping birds and flowing water, two sounds that were past my recognition after living in a concrete cave for what felt like a few years. Only about three months in actuality, but time really crawls when the closest thing you have to amusement is listening to the unencrypted Covenant battle net. I had to take a second and remind myself of just what had happened. Ancient runes reacting to a Covenant glassing beam, opening a portal, giant killer robots, talking hedgehogs, crazy French cavaliers, and a whole lot of shit that didn't seem to make any senseâ€|" right. It was all coming back.

I hopped out of bedâ€|" bed? Well, I sat up and swung my feet over the

side. My hand rested on the fabric of white sheets. I had to admire the plushness of the cotton despite the fact that my feet had been hanging over the edge of the bed all night. It had obviously been crafted for creatures smaller than myself. Since my last transfer though, I'd been sleeping on a cot with a blanket made of material I probably couldn't identify in a chemistry lab, so who was complaining?

I let my eyes adjust to the sunlight coming in through an open window and looked around. The cottage was beautifully made, with hand carved furniture and a stone fireplace. A purple vase with some flowers I'd never seen before sat on a handsome looking bed stand that my magnum also rested on. I picked up the hand gun and checked the clip before sliding it into its leg holster. My sniper rifle and field pack rested against the wall near an open frame door. My combat boots were on the floor by my feet. This was another unusual feeling. Under normal circumstances we weren't supposed to remove our boots at any time (even when we slept). I must have been more tired than I thought because I couldn't even remember taking them off. As I slipped them on and picked up the sniper rifle, stroking the sleek steel lovingly. The gun had been my closest friend since Special Ops and she was always close to my heart. Strapping the rifle to my back I inhaled the pleasant oak scent of the little hut. It was a single room, but seemed to have all the comforts of a home, toilet excluded and speaking of which

I groaned. It had been hours since I had last been able to relieve myself. Quickly getting up, I grabbed the rest of my gear and stepped out of the little cottage and onto a small wooden terrace. I momentarily forgot myself as I glanced around the little village. There were over a dozen little cottages on the ground similar to the one I had been resting in just a moment ago, and in the trees there were even more just hanging off the side as if they were part of the trunk. It would seem Knothole was much larger than I had originally thought.

"Kyle!" someone shouted at me.

My attention snapped back to the ground. Matt was already up. He stood across the way, waving over at me. I stepped out on to the dewy morning grass and walked over to him. There wasn't anyone else around at the moment, so I assumed that the others were still asleep.

"Hey." I said, acknowledging Matt when I had come within speaking distance.

"Hey. So, any idea what's going on yet?" he responded.

"No. I haven't slept like that in months, but let's try to get that done today, agreed?"

Matt nodded his head knowingly, "Agreed."

"Anyway, we've got bigger problems. Half our team is MIA and we lost them in a hostile environment." I reminded him.

Matt nodded his agreement, "Yeah, stuck behind enemy lines. This whole god damn thing is completely FUBAR."

I shifted uncomfortably. "Matt, have you seen a single bathroom around here?"

He shook his head. "Had the same problem. I meanâ€| they are animals. You think they even have toilets?" He pointed his thumb behind him. "Just use the bushes."

"Right." I said, running off to relieve myself.

By the time I came back, the chipmunk girl we had met yesterday was approaching Matt. She had already started conversing with him by the time I reached them.

"Kyle," Matt said, "Sally here was just offering a tour ofâ€| Knothole, right?"

She responded with a nod and a smile.

"Knothole." Matt repeated.

I shrugged at him. It was as good a place to start as any. The place seemed to be waking up now. We were getting weird looks from the early risers but nothing much more. I guess since Sally was with us people weren't going to question our being around.

"Sure. That's sounds like a good place to start." I said to Sally.

"Great! This way," she said, motioning with her hand.

I really didn't know what to expect. It was a group of fuzzy, cute-looking woodland creatures that seemed like they would sooner be a group of house pets than some sort of freedom fighter warriors. Freedom fightersâ€| that had been what Sally had said yesterday. Were they rebels against the Robotnik guy? It was a good bet.

"Hey guys!" came the energetic voice of the blue hedgehog, "What's up?"

"Hi, Sonic," Sally responded for us, "I was just about to show these two around Knothole."

"Hey, that sounds way past cool!" responded the hedgehog.

Matt and I looked at each other with raised eyebrows. Way past cool?

"Maybe I should tag along, Sal." Sonic suggested.

"Actually," Sally began, "If it's not too much trouble, maybe you could take them around for me, Sonic. I've got some work that needs done andâ€|"

"No prob, Sal! I think I can manage on my own." Sonic said with a wink. "Alright guys, follow me!"

So, without Sally, we ventured off into the little village at a brisk jog. Apparently this was the hedgehog's walking pace. It was more incredible than anything I had been expecting. Everywhere we went there was green and life. More of the furry little creatures doing

any number of activities from chopping up fire wood to chatting casually with each other about carefree topics such as the weather and whatnot. Matt and I got some pretty weird looks as we went by, but nobody tried to approach us with the hedgehog guiding us around. The buildings were incredible. Sonic guided us along elaborate mazes of platforms suspended above the trees with cottages built among the canopies as well as on the forest floor.

"Sonic," I asked, "If you guys are some kind of freedom fighters, why are there so many civilian types around? I mean I can hear kids around here."

"That's right!" he responded, "Robotnik has taken a _lot_ away from Mobius. Knothole is one of the only safe havens left in the world! So we make do. We don't turn people away. Everyone just carries their weight." He explained, giving me a thumbs up.

The sound of childish laughter was growing louder and I looked over to see a group of smaller looking creatures playing what looked like an improvised game of hockey. One of them looked over in our direction and I recognized him as the two tailed orange fox from the other day. He waved to his friends and jumped up into the air to fly over in our direction. I raised my eyebrows pondering about the physical implications of achieving flight without wings. I didn't want to think about it too hard though, given that I could see it happening right in front of me. I was reminded of how many years it took to develop the Hornet aircraft technology for hovering when this little fox creature seemed naturally able to achieve the same effect by simply twirling his tails.

"Hey Sonic!" the fox boy said as he landed next to us.

"Hey Tails!" Sonic said cheerfully waving back.

Tails circled us quickly, a look of fascination on his face. Unlike the others, he seemed to have no hesitation in satisfying his curiosity. It was making me feel like some kind of display and I definitely caught him eying my weapons once or twice.

"Gentlemen, this is Miles," Sonic informed us.

"That's right! We met yesterday. Call me Tails!" the fox boy said, smiling.

Matt and I nodded. "Yeah, I remember you." I said.

"Kind of hard to forget a flying fox, genius," Matt unhelpfully remarked.

Tails laughed. "Hey!" he said suddenly, "I had a lot of questions for you before Aunt Sally made me go to bed. Could I come with you guys?"

I turned to Matt. He shrugged.

"Sounds like a plan!" Sonic said in his usual energetic voice. I didn't have any objections, and besides, I had questions of my own. I wouldn't be politically irrational to get on the creature's good side.

Knothole's natural beauty was rather of awe inspiring, but of course, anything green after being trapped in an underground bunker would seem pretty amazing. We must have spent half the day being shown around. There were beautiful streams, trees of all sorts of different origins I'd never seen, shops and houses made using the richness of the forest, and the bustle and life of a whole community. The whole while Tails busily asked away about our lives and equipment. I wanted to enjoy the experience, but all the while the built in HUD (heads up display) on my helmet blinked its constant: " ! Mission Incomplete" in bright red letters that stood out from the still scrambled green of the tactical readout. Finally, I couldn't take it any more and flipped the screen up, sighing heavily in worry for the MIA marines. It took me a moment to realize that Tails was talking to me.

"So why aren't you fat?" Tails seemed intrigued by this question.

"Wellâ€¦ you knowâ€¦ work outâ€¦ daily training. Exercise, you know?" I answered.

"You work out?!?!" For whatever reason Tails was incredulously unbelieving of this fact.

"Well, yeah. That and high metabolism, you know?" Matt chipped in.

"Wow! Robotnik would probably blow a gasket if someone even _mentioned_ exercise around him!" Tails said, laughingly.

Sonic chuckled. "Good one Tails."

"Alright, that's just weird." I said, interrupting their little chuckle.

Sonic and Tails turned to look at me.

"Tell me about this Robotnik guy. What kind of person is he? He _is_ a human, right?" I asked.

"Yeah," Matt chipped in, "He attacked armed marine personnel and seems to think making robots in the image of humans is somehow an effective military tactic."

"What, it isn't?" Sonic asked.

"No!" Matt and I laughed.

"The military experimented with that back in 2250." Matt explained, "Worst idea ever! Not only would they end up breaking down all the time, but the micromanagement of troops just proved to be impossible!"

Sonic and Tails looked at each other and shrugged.

"Well, it doesn't really work _too_ well for him either, I guess." Sonic chuckled, "But you wanted to know what kind of person he is, right?" Sonic said, suddenly growing serious.

I nodded.

"He's evil!" Sonic said, gritting his teeth. "He's captured friends of mine and turned them into robots, he overthrew the Acorn kingdom and turned the city into a robot inhabited wasteland. He kidnapped my Uncle Chuck and Sally's father. Honestly we don't even know if they're still alive."

"So that city wasn't always all shooty?" Matt asked, making a machine gun firing motion with his hands.

Sonic shook his head. "When I was a kid I couldn't have asked for a better place to live!"

"A kid?" I muttered, "How old are you, exactly?"

Sonic shrugged. "About fifteen I think. Sort of lost track of the date after the coup."

"You guys don't know what date it is?" Matt asked.

"Pretty much." Tails said.

It was surprising how little they seemed to care.

"Now wait!" I was wondering about something else, "You said he turned your friends into robots? Why would he do that?"

"It's called robotizing," Tails explained, "Robotnik can make his own robots, but is also has a machine that he uses to turn living creatures into robots!" The fox boy had a sad look in his face. I figured he had lost someone close to him like this.

"Robotnik's reasoning is, if he has hostages, why not put them to use?" Sonic finished for him.

"So, he could potentially do this to humans as well?" Matt asked. It was the same question on my own mind.

Sonic paused. "Huh!" he put a finger to his chin in thought, "Yeah, I guess so. I mean, he could figure out a way."

'Great!' I thought to myself. Now my squad was captured and possibly turned into robots. This got better and better.

"Oh!" Sonic exclaimed. "We have to make a stop here! I think you two will like this guy."

The tree had a yellow door at its base. It was hollow and looked quite dead on its lower levels, but a few green leaves sprouted from its top. Sonic rapped briskly on the door. "Rotor!" he shouted to the inside of the tree. Peeking in, I could see that there was actually a set of stairs leading down to some sort of underground facility. I shivered as it brought back memories of the marine bunker.

"Rotor! Come up here! There are some people you gotta meet!"

"Huh?" came a muffled voice from below. There was a crash and a yell from below the stairs. Sonic cringed at the noise. "I'm all right! I'm all right!" came the low voice again. Footsteps were heard coming up the stairs. A second later I was face to face with a purple walrus. Yeah. That one got me too.

"Hey Sonic." The Walrus said in a deep voice before turning in our direction. "Whoaâ€¦" he muttered in shock as Matt and I came into view.

"Rotor," Sonic said, as he slung a hand over the walrus' shoulder and pointed at us, "Meet Kyle and Matt, the first humans in Knothole that haven't been bent on world domination. Kyle, Matt? This is Rotor. If it needs fixing, he can fix it."

"Whoaâ€¦" Rotor repeated.

I stuck out my hand in greeting, "Good to meet you Rotor." The Walrus took my hand and shook, albeit hesitantly.

"Ditto," Matt said, holding out his hand.

Rotor had on a yellow baseball cap that was turned backwards on his head and a tool-belt filled with all sorts of mechanical gadgets and gizmos slung around his shoulder and over his chest. The way he had his gaze, I could tell he was still eyeing us with some suspicion.

"Well," Sonic butted in, "Matt and Kyle here seem to be in that whole tec savvy stuff, Rotor. So I thought you guys might want t-"

"They are?" Rotor said, his suspicious look instantly disappearing, replaced instead by a gaze that made his new level of intrigue overly obvious.

"Yeahâ€¦" he said, eyeing us over again, "I should have seen it beforeâ€¦ all these gadgets you guys are wearing andâ€¦ awâ€¦ what are these.

The walrus, Rotor, was suddenly very much in our faces, eyeing our equipment and asking questions to quickly for me to answer them.

"Uhâ€¦" Sonic broke in, "Rotor?"

The Walrus looked up, "Huh? Oh, sorry Sonic."

"It's cool, pal. I thought you might want to show them the lab though, you know? See if you guys and help each other out."

"Oh yeah! Good idea." Rotor seemed exited about the prospect.

"Well, I'll let you guys talk your mechanicalâ€¦ stuff for a while. Back in a flash!" And with that, the speedy hedgehog was out of sight.

"Well, come in! Kyle and Matt, right?"

I nodded. "Yeah."

"So you're in charge of likeâ€¦ keeping everything up and running around here?" Matt asked.

"Yup! Proud of it. There's a lot that needs kept up around here. Luckily, there's always plenty of help."

I nodded we made our way into the tree. The stairs actually weren't to deep, and I was surprised when the bright glow of artificial light hit me at the bottom of the stairs. Matt and I stepped into what I assumed was Rotor's work area, and were fairly shocked to see some pretty sophisticated looking computers.

"Wow. Rotor, this is some pretty advanced stuff. How come I haven't seen anything else like this around here?" I asked.

"Yeah," Matt said, "It seems like the rest of the village is nothing but wood and plants."

Rotor chuckled. His deep laugh made me think of him as someone laid back and friendly. "Well, people aren't real fans of machines around here, but they'll get over it. After all, they're only bad when you use them for evil means."

"Yeah, I guess I see what you mean." I said, nodding.

"Psh. Whatever. Gears are gears." Matt said, unconcerned with the philosophical implications of the comment. I gave Matt a look, but Rotor seemed not to have heard his statement.

"So how did you guys get to Knothole anyway?" Rotor asked.

"Well, it's something we've been wondering ourselves. I was thinking maybe you could help us figure that one out." I responded.

"Yeah," Matt interjected, "It's about time we started getting some answers. As far as I can tell, we got teleported to another planet."

Rotor tapped a finger on one of his large tusks, his brow furrowed in thought. "Hm" he pondered, "Perhaps you guys better tell me your story. You can do it all the way from the beginning. I'll record it so Sally can listen to it later and you won't have to tell it again, how about that?"

Matt and I nodded, "Ooh-Rah to that."

"What?" Rotor looked confused.

"Uh" sure. Let's do it."

We pulled up some chairs and began to tell Rotor everything. About Earth, all of our equipment that seemed so unfamiliar to Rotor, about the Covenant and the war, about the bunker and our God sent rescuer, Spartan 117, and finally, about the glassing, the flash of light, and the city. All the while, Rotor looked at us intensely, nodding his head from time to time and making sure the recorder was working. When we had finished, we all leaned back in our chairs and Rotor took a big breath.

"Wow" he mumbled before saying more audibly, "I've never heard of anything like that in my life. I don't know what to tell you. And to think you would land right in Knothole"

"Well, to be honest, we still don't know exactly _where_ Knothole is." I said. Matt looked at me funny.

"Huh? What do you mean?" Rotor asked.

"Well, looking back on the tale, I had a bit of hypothesisâ€¦ Is there anyway you could show me Knothole on a globe?"

Rotor scratched through the yellow cap. "Wellâ€¦ I can show it to you on a map, but I don't really have the whole planetâ€¦"

I shook my head, "That doesn't do me any good. We must have some way of seeing the whole planet."

"I don't think soâ€¦" Rotor said, "I mean, it's been pretty hard to get any geographical accomplishments done with the war against Robotnik and allâ€¦ unlessâ€¦ hey, yeahâ€¦" Rotor eyes lit up. "The satellite uplink. Robotnik has a bunch of old satellites hanging over Mobius. It would be _to_ difficult to hack into one and take the video feed off it."

I smiled. "A live feed? That would be great!" At just that moment there came a knock at the door.

"Hey gang!" came Sonic's energetic voice. "How's things?"

"Alright. We were just finishing up our story."

"Past cool, bud." Sonic said, flashing a thumbs up. "I think Sally wanted to see you guys when you got a chance. Can you come see her now?"

"Sounds good." I responded.

"Awwâ€¦" It was Rotor. "I didn't even get to tinker with their equipmentâ€¦"

I lowered my eyebrows at him. "Nobody touches Sarah but me."

Rotor looked at me and blinked. "Waitâ€¦ you named it?"

"Her! I named HER! And of course I did. Everybody does." I could tell Sonic and Rotor were having a hard time with this, but that wasn't surprising. It was weird to people on Earth to."

"Umâ€¦ anyway! When do you think you can have that satellite feed set, my man?" Matt asked, breaking an awkward silence.

"Oh! Sometime early this evening, I imagine. Here!" Rotor tossed the recording of our conversation to me. I reached out a hand caught the small devise in mid-air.

"Thanks Rotor. We'll be back this evening to check it out." I said.

"No problem!" He said, making a quick salute.

"Lead the way, Sonic."

* * *

â€¦

â€|

Earthâ€|

Location: Monitor Station BETA DELA 7â€|

Status: GREEN: Monitoring riftâ€| 5 minutes after appearance of anomaly.

"What the hell was that?!" Came the Commander's gruff voice over the crackling radio.

"No idea, sir! There's an unknown anomaly at the LZ! The convoyâ€| it'sâ€| it's disappeared."

"Somebody get me God damn sit-rep on those men!"

"Several systems are down or not responding, sir! Could be an EMP!"

"Sir, enemy forces are Oscar Mike!"

"Goddamnit!" the Commander threw his hat to the ground in frustration as he slammed his fist on the control panel in front of him.

"Somebody get a ground force over to that thing and tell me what the hell it is! If it's a Brute weapon, I want to know everything there is to know about it!"

"Sir, new transmission coming in!"

"Put it on speakers, Lieutenant." The Commander ordered.

"Human forces, this is the Carrier Shadow of Intent." It was an Elite voice. "We are here to aid you in your struggle against our common enemy."

"Never thought I'd be so God damn happy to hear an alien's voice." The Commander said back, "Are you getting this Shadow of Intent."

"Affirmative. We are reading a massive anomaly at the peak of one of your human structures. According to our readouts, there is something on the other side of it."

"Are you tellin' me that thing is some kind of portal? We had men down there! We need to get them out!" the Commander responded.

"Affirmative. We are aware of the situation. Our Arbiter and a few of our best warriors have volunteered to enter the anomaly and recover your missing agents while you continue your fight against the Brutes."

The Commander breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank you Shadow of Intent. This debt won't go unpaid."

"We will do our part," the Elite voice responded, "Good luck in your own battle."

Outside the portal, an Elite clad in intricate silver armor stood with a team of eight others.

"Arbiter," came a brother's voice over the built in headsets, "Once your team steps through the portal, we may lose all communications with you. Be careful."

The silver clad Elite raised his head and gazed into the portal. "Fear not, brother. Death is not our destiny today. Forward men. In to the jaws of the unknown."

A war cry rose from the mouths of the other team members as they plunged into the portal— into Mobius.

* * *

It had been an informative afternoon to say the least. For Matt and Me, our heads were full to bursting with new, er— creature's names, locations around Knothole and the forest, as well as general do's and don'ts of the little hideaway. It seemed that the Freedom Fighters, as they called themselves, had been fighting Robotnik for quite some time now. I was genuinely impressed by their fortitude and ability to keep their hideout secret against such advanced technology. I'd even run into the creature I had accidentally maimed the other day. Antoine D'Coolette, whom I learned was actually coyote. He had had a bandaged wrapped around his head when I spotted him again. I had been walking with Sonic and Sally at the time and upon seeing us, he seemed to blush fiercely and march quickly in the opposite direction. I figured it had to do with our previous confrontation and left it at that. The day wound down with Sally listening to our recording and giving us her condolences. It was around that time Rotor came and found us.

"Kyle! Matt! She's all ready! Video uplink is working great!" he informed us.

"Hoo, Rotor. Let's take a look." Matt said, following the Walrus.

"Hoo? What are you—"

"Sorry, look— where we come from we're sort of used to certain phrases and whatnot, and Hoo just means— well— it means basically everything except 'no'."

"Oh— Kind of redundant, isn't it?" Rotor asked, scratching his head in confusion.

"Eh—" and a shrug were my only responses.

At last we were back in Rotor's control room. "Here ya go, take a look." Rotor said, pointing to a monitor."

Matt and I looked at the satellite feed of Mobius and our eyes widened.

"Matt—" I said, still in shock that I had been correct in my assumption. "Are you seeing—?"

Matt just nodded. "Yeah, but— how?"

Rotor looked at us, he obviously had no idea what we were talking about. "What? What is it?"

"Rotorâ€¦" I said hesitantly. "We were never transported to a different planetâ€¦ we were transported to Mobius! Mobius is Earth!"

"What?" Rotor said looking at the monitor.

And sure as day, the continents had shrunk, some coasts had disappeared, and it something about it was just generally off, but Mobius was, without a doubt in our mind, Earth.

"Butâ€¦ howâ€¦?" Matt said to more to himself than anyone.

"Mattâ€¦ we didn't travel a distanceâ€¦ We traveled time. We're in the futureâ€¦"

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A/N: Whew! Well, what do you think? It's been a couple years, but I got it done. Any good? Any bad? I didn't have time to give it a good look over, so there are probably some typos in there, but I can fix it later if I find them. Right now, the important thing was getting this thing up! Alright, look out for chapter 6!

End
file.